

## REVIEWS OF THE NEW AUTUMN FICTION

NIELS LYHNE. By Jens Peter Jacob-sen. Doubleday, Page & Co.

their integrity as artists. Not it is a confession. many can be charmingly discursive and leisurely in parration, yet swiftly year the reader beyond the friendly breakwater of "finls." Jens Peter Jacobson does not speak but sings his tales. He is a "lyricker," as Germans have it. In an earlier day he would have strummed and sung his inventions for the delight of gilded royal and smoky baronial courts. Trammelled by the voke of this stiff age of formal theatres and even more formal books, the song of Jacobsen nevertheless sounds clear and silvery, He transports us to a balcony. His words come to us as if from dew soaked fields. In the realm of prose he stands on the coveted middle sta-

After more than a year of waiting the publishers have granted the American public the thrill of two additional volumes of Jacobsen, the first having been "Marie Grubbe." "Mogens," the been "Marie Grubbe." "Mogens," the his message, grown stronger and title story of the second volume, is the weightier, has slowed the current of narrative with which Jacobsen made his debut before the Danish public. and which won the hearty approbation of Georg Brandes, the noted critic. Besides "Mogens" there are three other stories, two of which are lyrical tidbits, and a third, a long story which must stand forever as one of the greatest portraits of motherhood, the story entitled "Mrs. Fonss."

As in "Marie Grubbe," the charac-

tion between prose and poetry, with-

out the saccharine of prose-poetry.

ters of Jacobsen's little dramas are like figures on a faded tapestry, fig-ures whose dim contours blend with the shrubbery and the landscape. The individuals of the stories emerge from the nature descriptions slowly and distinctly, as a sparrow on a tree becomes slowly visible to the fixed re-

of 40 the man she loved as a girl and all, he was afraid of this mighty thing

Notwithstanding Mrs. Fonss's lifelong devotion to their interests, the egotism of her children—both mature

one insane merely to think of it. Have any idea of the things you make me think of? My mother loved by strange man; my mother desired, held in the arms of another and holding him in hers! Nice thoughts for a son; worse than the worst Insult. But it is impossible; must be impossible; must be! Are the prayers of a son to be as powerless as that? Elinor, don't be as powerless as that? Ellior, don't sit there and cry; come and help me beg mother to have pity on us!" The other and broader viewpoint, that of Mrs. Fonss, is expressed in

the night when she ponders the situa-tion. "How quick they were to desert her as soon as they saw not every motion of her heart was theirs," she thinks. "But she was not only Tage's and Elinor's mother alone, she was also a human being on her own account, with a life of her own and she who was dead, but I."
hopes of her own.
"Who was there to kno

Just as "Mrs. Fonss" is one of the most perfect interpretations of mother-hood ever penned, so "Niels Lyhne" stands out as one of the most under-

Men dream and aspire, toll, struggle, fence meet with discouragement, disillusion. succeed or fall, grow old or fall sick mons, in white cotton hose and aband die. For Niels it is a story of all these, an account of his development. Niels's life, the life of a poet, was accompanied throughout by dreams.

"A sneer is just as much in place at times as a smile or a frown."

"She was my guardian against these times are more abook on the fault," and of the law but the same of justice. Nor were those years altogether wasted; he worked in the prison hospital and increased his knowledge of medicine and in his spare time wrote a book on the fault. Hanna Astrup Larsen, the competent translator, calls attention to the fact that there is hardly a page in the book

translator, calls attention to the fact that there is hardly a page in the body the contain the word dream or some reference to it.

Roaming about with the parson's som during his childhood, waving almost without pause for the sake of this attentive lightener tales of his some internal way, a way which had nothing to inventing for their commands which were echoes from history, Niels's early life was a delightful failure of the research of his parents. He outgree his friends, and the object of this parents. He outgree his friends, and the object of this parents. He outgree his friends, and the object of this parents. He outgree his friends, and the object of this beloved in the tendence love, pure and unreal, a love that never caucht Terma, his beloved, in his heloved, in the research of his parents. He outgree his friends, and the object of this beloved in the treath of his parents. He outgree his friends and the object of this beloved in sheer to remain marriage during his attendance at his mothers e bedsice. Nells recover the power of Niels Lyhne is the ever of Jens Bor of Ries Lyhne is the ever of Jens Bor of Ries Lyhne is the ever of Jens Bor of Ries Lyhne is the ever of Jens Bor of Ries Lyhne is the ever of Jens Bor of Ries Lyhne is the ever of Jens Peter Jacobsen. The character of the device of the same and yet from that diverting he said with any of the heroes of modern this mistakes and yet so him his mistakes and yet so human in the when the He is so human in his mistakes and yet so human in his mistakes and yet so human in the when the He is so human in his mistakes and yet so human in the when the He is so human in his mistakes and yet so human in the when the He is so human in his mistakes and yet so human in the when the He is so human in the when the He is so human in the when the He is so human in the well that he had decreased of the same left that he had devered the his the dark with any of the he

Novelist of North
Writes Lyric Prose
Wordens and Other Stories. By Jens Peter Jacobsen. New York:
Nicholas L. Brown.
New York:
NELS LYHNE. By Jens Peter Jacobsen for whereas every sen. Doubledny. Page Sen. Doubledny. Page Sen. Pour Jens Peter Jacobsen. Sen. Doubledny. Page Sen. Dou LS LYHNE. By Jens Peter Jacobn. Doubleday. Page & Co.
OT many writers of stories can
evoke emotion and retain

Other stories of Jacobsen move more



Jens Peter Jacobsen

rapidly than "Niels Lyhne." The author was older when he wrote this -his last novel and one which took four years in the making-and weightier, has slowed the will create—he will go into some the work I used between the kind of book we leave lying on the table to read again.

Quoting from such a book is difficult.

The following is chosen for the youth the is sent to prison. He knows the felt he did right to soil nimself and his thief, but he says, "It's better to go to he had lost the power and the right to strive for the things in dreams,"

poetizing about your own life instead of living it. How innocuous it all was and empty, empty, empty! This chas-ing after yourself, craftily observing your own tracks—in a circle, of course. This sham diving into the stream of comes slowly visible to the fixed regard.

The story of "Mrs. Fonss" presents a problem story. Mrs. Fonss, who had been everything that a mother can be to her two children, meets at the age

called passion. This storm-wind sweep-ing away everything settled and authorized and acquired in humanity as if it were dead leaves. He did not like overflows when they are apprised of her intention to marry again.

"Horrible — unnatural!" exclaims
Tage, her son. "It is enough to drive one insane merely to think of the son.

in quiet waters always in sight of land seemed so paltry. Would that 

# A Dog Is the Soul

"Who was there to know me now?

And what is death but to be un-

standing and penetrating portraits of the fact that tiere remain two dogs youth. So much has been written on this subject. Conrad's symbolic alle and James Joyce's harsh staccato arrative have been but high flung pennants in a veritable procession of

nants in a veritable procession of stimal who is sometimes closer than stories and novels of youth. No one, however, has remembered the spiritual experiences of early manhood as well as the Danish novelist. Then he tells us of little things which stand out so clearly now that she is gone—"I wish you might have the story is a simple narrative and seen her nose twitch! I have never hoped to achieve a successful sneer since first beholding Nancy at the little transport of the stories of the stories of the stories of the stories and novels of youth. No one, any human being—the dog.

Then he tells us of little things which stand out so clearly now that she is sometimes closer than any human being—the dog.

Then he tells us of little things which stand out so clearly now that she is gone—"I wish you might have seen her nose twitch! I have never hoped to achieve a successful sneer since first beholding Nancy at the fence . . . when the Tate children went stringing across the com-

> perils, fuming because she received so little cooperation from me. She was always on guard. If she could look out from table or chair or stairway that he should bring further unhappialways on guard. If she could look out from table or chair or stairway

day during his boyhood. Paul them in frenzy trying to deaden the him repeating: conflict between his Christian, pacifist philosophy and the love of country which forced him to wield a gun. It was a conflict that raged in the breast of every sensitive soldier and which now stands back of the universal hor-

ror of war. War cannot be made compatible with Christianity. Warrington Dawson's novel of the war is engrossing. Even trenches and night raids across No Man's Land, of which there has been so much writ-ten, have, when done with a dextrous

ten, have, when done with a dextrous hand power to entrance.
Paul is a queer, gifted lad who first becomes the friend of and later is adopted by an aged American writer who lives in the same town. Paul's early life is difficult. It is told charmingly. There are mighty few writers who cannot do good work in the part of the narrative which deals with childhood. So easy to write and so extraordinarily effective are whimsical passages like the following: "When his mother snored he would play at lions mother snored he would play at lions roaring miles away as they galloped toward him. In a burst of enthusiasm he confided this to her and got a smart rap on the head. It was his earliest lesson in discretion." Early in life Paul decides that he

At length he is drawn into it. The remainder of the story is concerned was a Frenchman. Later he killed both to France and to his ideals. When many score—of Germans. He killed he is wounded he hears a voice within

"'Paul, you have done your share. You are freed from obligations. Let others do their share. Return to lead your life as it was meant to be, return to prepare for your work.' Now I



## After Prison the Uphill Road

the struggle that a man and a woman had to stay honest after they were once known to the police, and it is handled with a delicacy and preis no hint of propaganda about it nor any sentimentalizing about prison reform. It is a direct and honest appeal for a little more Christian charity in our dealings with those whose mistakes happen to have been brought

the storm and waves would come! If he only knew how, his sails should fly to the yards for a merry run over the of a well defined profession, and when to the yards for a merry run over the of a well defined profession, and when Spanish Main of life! Farewell to the she gave it up to become Bill Preston's slow dripping days, farewell to the wife they still had it against her. Bill had been a burglar, but after he mar-ried Nancy he was as determined as she was to go straight. For seven of a neighboring town was published. years they lived in a poor little home. Then we learned he had returned to A Dog Is the Soul Of Responsibility

NANCY. By Louis Dodge. Charles Scribper's Sons.

Scribper's Sons.

HE knew me perfectly. That was why I felt, when I took her up dead, that it was not she who was dead, but I."

Then we learned he had returned to his native State of New Hampshire and forfeited his ten dollars.

Then we learned he had returned to his native State of New Hampshire and forfeited his ten dollars.

This story appealed to us. We just knew how "Satan" felt when he looked out at that field of corn and just did not want to hoe it. There was nothing the devilish but his name about Satan; but he had lived all his life in this little village in northern New York, and even in git with a dozen impish suggestions.

To go back and take up the old life after having led a nomad's existence.

The syrens. By Dot Allan. Double-day, Page & Co.

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The syrens here in the Bronx, fighthed in the dollar.

The syrens. By Dot Allan. Double-day, Page & Co.

The syrens. By Dot Allan. Double-day, Page & Co.

The syrens here all of the blood to go a-voy-day, page & Co.

The syrens here all of the blood to go appreciate his native which is ten dollars.

The syrens here all of the blood to go appreciate of the blood to go appreciate of the blo avents come thick and fast that destroy her patiently built foundation citement—anything but hoeing that

exalted position in society. served a term in Sing Sing for burg-lary, and later, although innocent, a lary, and later, although innocent, a second term. Through the horror and misery of those years, despite his background of culture—or perhaps, because of it—he kept his clear, reasoning outlook on life, his kindly at-titude toward his fellowmen and his strong sense of justice. Nor were those years altogether wasted; he

THE PEOPLE AGAINST NANCT has made it harder for released pris-PRESTON. By John Moroso. Henry oners to begin life over again. A Holt & Co. It & Co. little broader sympathy would not F its kind this book is an only help them in a hard fight but achievement. It is the story of the struggle that a man and a society. But the moral of this tale is not obtrusive. One reads it simply as a good story.

### 'Satan' Didn't Want To Hoe That Corn

THE WORKS OF SATAN. By Richard Aumerle Maher. The Macmillan Company.

on a farm in a small town in Massachusetts. The most ex-Nancy was a girl whose unfortunate citing thing which happened was the who had broken his arm in an according that made the street an arrest of a youth for "drunkenness." It caught the populace just coming out of the movies, and they followed him to the town hall. There he put up ten dollars bail and we heard nothing of him until Monday, when the paper

This book tells us, though. The author knows his small town people and pletures them in the pages of the book. They are not exactly like the people of "Main Street," but they have their own limitations. Nevertheless, they are human enough to like that

The banker and the sweetest girl in town? Oh, yes, there is a love story very strongly woven into the plot—in fact, we guess the love story is the main plot and the cause for all the realized his soul was ripe for strife, excitement to which the town is The prospect of a settled life spelled treated-that and Satan's desire not to hoe that field of corn.

We agree with Jim Smith, the stut-

INVISIBLE TIDES. By Beatrice Kean Seymour. Thomas Seltzer.

THERE are only seven possible joys of the strangely groping, strangely winged human animal, yield only seven plots. And yet we have new or paltry could touch her. Roman stories! Given an unforeseeable com-bination of circumstances, or a new way of viewing things, and each of the hoary skeletons is galvanized into life. Fortunately for the novelists of to-day, they have ready to hand an in-calculable element which serves them well, since one of the most striking new ways of viewing life is embodied in the so-called new woman, and it is

in the so-called new woman, and it is only necessary to cast her in a stellar role in order to make the oldest of plots blossom with new surprises. In this first book of Mrs. Seymour's, which has been acclaimed by en-thusiastic English papers as the best novel of the year, we have, for in-stance, the triangle, but the triangle with a difference—it has no villain. In Sussex, Hilary Sargent, a lonely

imaginative little boy whose father neglected him, grew into manhood, not without much dreaming of "that tall, slim woman with dark hair curled about her forehead and a voice that seemed to lift the heart right out of a small boy's body," of "the soft tones of that voice, or some pathetic ghost of a chance attitude," dreaming, that is to say, of his mother, Mary Hilary, the actress who, unknown to him, had long ago drowned her sorrows and her illegitimate child and her bright unforgettable laughter, in an American

In Yorkshire Helena Morden was one of five children in a poor branch bank manager's home over which pov-erty had brushed its cold and disillusioning hand. She was called a difficult child and lived in "a strange isola-tion of soul," loving chiefly the "windswept, sun-kissed moor-black and gaunt in winter, green with the bilberry leaf and purple with heather when summer had come." Her bookish triumphs at school were nothing to the branch manager and his wife, who hought of her only as matrimonial maerial; and at seventeen she went home to take "her proper place in the house" and wait her turn in the matrimonial market, which, in that tiny Yorkshire village, was particularly deficient in opportunities.

Into this mental and emotional vacoum there suddenly dropped Jerome Courtney, a big, successful, likable man of good family, the head of Courtney Motors, Inc., who was building a great house on the moors, and who, from the first day he saw the difficult Helena,

began a whirlwind courtship.

They came back out of their calm honeymoon days to find a young man honeymoon days to find a young man who had broken his arm in an accident on the steep hill outside curied up in the library of the new house. Impulsively Helena went in to offer book, and the unexpressed comparison arm hanging limply by his side.

And so the triangle begins. Sud-accomplishment.

ALICE BEAL

destroy her patiently built foundation and connect her again with crime—and this time, murder.

Despite the pathos and the appealing qualities in Nancy's character, Michael Horgan is really the central figure in the book. He has been a mystery to the police. They know that his name is an alias, and his manner and intelligence make them in their ears and the monster green walls rising about them, they had lithic in its pristine intensity, Goritholus had thrown himself into the fray adventuring aloft when older handadvised caution, straining every nerve and every sinew in the ship's service. In those hours he had lived as he had never lived before—fully, selflessly. And remembering something of the joy those hours had brought him he satiety, a kind of premature senility. Ruthill street from 9 till 5—while down at the docks great ships were tering town liar: "It—it—it—it's preparing to put out to sea. Long a ku—ku—ku—cuckoo!" barred lest the echo of the syrens calling should shatter his self-con-Poor Goritholus! Can't you just

denly, for Helena, "all ordinary life seemed suspended—caught up as if by a charm. The note of high romance had come to her at last, had left her a little breathless, on tiptoe of expect-ancy. It transmuted now everything she looked on, everything she thought, HERE are only seven possible plots, so we are told. From Homer to Edith Wharton all stirred within her at the recollection the emotions, the diversified shades of of a pale tense face in the murky twi-character, the tangled tragedies and light, at the memory of a musical voice

trailing softly across the dusk to her.

She lived, for those few days, a charmed life, in which nothing mean



### Beatrice Kean Seymour on the Cornwall Rocks

had drawn a magic circle about her and within it she moved a free and

radiant being." Helena's new tenderness and sweetness were to Jerome things of unmitigated delight. "They argued for him that the love he craved from

her—the gift he wanted most of life— would one day shortly be his. He did not know—how should he?—that when her eyes rested upon him in that tender, fugitive way she was thinking of an impudent moon trailing up a gray-black sky as she flung the gleaming banners of her smile across the heavy blue of the dusk . . . that once again there rose before her . . . a brief shrouded vision of the ultimate

destiny of flings."

There is chiefly a vivid perception of life, which transmits itself to the reader, opening his eyes to unaccus-tomed beauties and delicate, frail joys, frail because only occasionally can one

their hospitality and found him in a chair by the window, with his broken arm hanging limply by his side.

between their abortive, passionate lives and the calm young Diana of to-day is this new writer's outstanding

# Stay Home When the Sea Calls THE SYRENS. By Dot Allan. Double- was the call of the blood to go a-voy-day. Page & Co.

see him, the child of a refined, quiet, N spite of her name, Yukona Bruce no escape from the syren's call, for it

Maggie loved him loved his business: But to Goritholus she was only a de-

And the Reverend Robert! He is so human! Too, he feels the call of the wanderlust—but being the Reverend Robert he needs must stay with his flock, And Goritholus's godmother, the vaudeville actress? She is—well vaudeville actress? She is—well—just great—and as the years roll by and she grows older and slowly relinquishes her place to the younger theatrical element your heart aches Yes, and there is Edith and Gay!

But always there is Maggie!

If you love the sea, you will surely enjoy the book. If you love English life and the syrens have called to you when the buds begin to open in the spring read the book! Anywa read it! VIVIAN RADCLIFFE.

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